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THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

(Continued.)

THE chiefs, however, soon found out that Ochiltree was not altogether to be depended upon. Angus Macdonald of Isla, having agreed to everything that was asked of him, was permitted to go home; but finding the others not quite ready to do Ochiltree's bidding in all things, he invited them on board the King's ship *Moon* to hear a sermon preached by his chief counsellor, Bishop Knox of the Isles, after which they were to dine with him. Rory Mor shrewdly suspecting some sinister design, refused to go aboard the ship, and his suspicion proved only too well-founded; for immediately after dinner Ochiltree informed his guests that they were his prisoners by the king's orders, and, weighing anchor, he at once set sail with them to Ayr, and thence marched them to Edinburgh, where they were confined, by order of the Privy Council, in the Castles of Dunbarton, Blackness, and Stirling. The imprisonment of these chiefs induced many of their followers to submit to the king's representatives, and the arrangements which were afterwards made became a starting point for a gradual but permanent improvement in the Highlands and Western Isles.

In 1609, the famous "statutes of Icolmkill" were agreed to by the Island chiefs (who had meanwhile been set at liberty), with the

Bishop of the Isles, among the rest Rory Mor of Dunvegan. The statutes are summarised as follows in Gregory's *Western Highlands and Isles*:—The first proceeded upon the narrative of the gross ignorance and barbarity of the Islanders, alleged to have arisen partly from the small number of their clergy, and partly from the contempt in which this small number of pastors was held. To remedy this state of things, it was agreed that proper obedience should be given to the clergy (whose number, much diminished by the Reformation, it was proposed to increase); that their stipends should be regularly paid; that ruinous churches should be re-built; that the Sabbaths should be solemnly kept; and that, in all respects, they should observe the discipline of the Reformed Kirk as established by Act of Parliament. By one of the clauses of this statute, marriages contracted for certain years were declared illegal; a proof that the ancient practice of handfasting still prevailed to a certain extent. The second statute ordained the establishment of inns at the most convenient places in the several Isles; and this not only for the convenience of travellers, but to relieve the tenants and labourers of the ground from the great burden and expense caused to them through the want of houses of public entertainment. The third was intended to diminish the number of idle persons, whether masterless vagabonds, or belonging to the households of chiefs and landlords; for experience had shown that the expense of supporting these idlers fell chiefly upon the tenantry, in addition to their usual rents. It was therefore enacted that no man should be allowed to reside within the Isles who had not a sufficient revenue of his own; or who, at least, did not follow some trade by which he might live. With regard to the great households hitherto kept by the chiefs, a limit was put to the number of individuals of which each household was to consist in future, according to the rank and estate of the master; and it was further provided that each chief should support his household from his own means, not by a tax upon his tenantry. The fourth provided that all persons, not natives of the Isles, who should be found sorning, or living at free quarters upon the poor inhabitants (an evil which seems to have reached a great height), should be tried and punished by the judge ordinary as thieves and oppressors. The fifth statute proceeded upon the narrative that one of the

chief causes of the great poverty of the Isles, and of the cruelty and inhuman barbarity practised in their feuds, was their inordinate love of strong wines and aquavite, which they purchased partly from dealers among themselves, partly from merchants belonging to the Mainland. Power was, therefore, given to any person whatever to seize, without payment, any wine or aquavite imported for sale by a native merchant; and if an Islander should buy any of the prohibited articles from a Mainland trader, he was to incur the penalty of forty pounds for the first offence, one hundred for the second, and for the third, the loss of his whole possessions and moveable goods. It was, however, declared to be lawful for an individual to brew as much aquavite as his own family might require; and the barons and wealthy gentlemen were permitted to purchase in the Lowlands the wine and other liquors required for their private consumption. The sixth statute attributed the "ignorance and incivilitee" of the Islanders to the neglect of good education among the youth; and to remedy this fault it enacted that every gentleman or yeoman possessed of sixty cattle should send his eldest son, or, if he had no male children, his eldest daughter, to school in the Lowlands, and maintain his child there till it learned to speak, read, and write English. The seventh statute forbade the use of any description of firearms, even for the destruction of game, under the penalties contained in an Act of Parliament passed in the (then) present reign, which had never yet received obedience from the Islanders "owing to their monstrous deadly feuds." The eighth statute was directed against bards and other idlers of that class. The gentry were forbidden to encourage them; and the bards themselves were threatened, first with the stocks, and then with banishment. The ninth statute contained some necessary enactments for enforcing obedience to the preceding Acts. Such were the statutes of Icolmkill; for the better observance of which, and of the laws of the realm and Acts of Parliament in general, the Bishop took from the assembled chiefs a very strict bond. This bond, moreover, contained a sort of confession of faith on the part of the subscribers, and an unconditional acknowledgment of his Majesty's supreme authority in all matters both spiritual and temporal, according to his "most loveable Act of Supremacy."

We shall give the first of those Statutes, agreed to by the Island chiefs, at length. It is as follows:—

"For remedy whereof [the ignorance, etc., of the people], they have all agreed in one voice, Like as it is presently concluded and enacted, That the ministers, as well planted as to be planted within the parishes of the said Isles, shall be reverently obeyed; their stipends dutifully paid them; the ruinous kirks with reasonable diligence repaired; the Sabbaths solemnly kept; adulteries, fornications, incest, and such other vile slanders severely punished; marriages contracted for certain years, *simpliciter* discharged, and the committers thereof repute and punished as fornicators—and that conform to the loveable acts of Parliament of this realm and discipline of the Reformed Kirk; the which the foresaids persons and every one of them within their own bounds faithfully promise to see put to due execution."

The Bond which the Bishop took from the nine Island chiefs on this occasion, Roderick Macleod of Dunvegan's being the fifth signature upon it, is as follows:—

"WE, and every one of us, principal gentlemen, indwellers within the West and North Isles of Scotland, under-subscribers, Acknowledging, and now by experience finding, that the special cause of the great misery, barbarity, and poverty, unto the which for the present our barren country is subject, has proceeded of the unnatural deadly feuds which have been fostered among us in this last age: in respect that thereby not only the fear of God and all religion, but also the care of keeping any duty and giving obedience unto our gracious sovereign the King's Majesty and his Highness's laws, for the most part was decayed: and now seeing it has pleased God in His mercy to remove these unhappy distractions, with the causes of them, all from among us; and understanding that the recovery of the peace of our conscience, our prosperity, weal, and quietness, consists in the acknowledging of our duty towards our God and His true worship, and of our humble obedience to our dread sovereign and his Highness's laws of this his Majesty's kingdom: and also being persuaded of mercy and forgiveness of all our bypast offences of his Majesty's accustomed clemency; binds and obliges ourselves by the faith and truth in our bodies, under the pain of perjury and defamation for ever,—and further under such other civil penalties as it shall please his Majesty and his honourable Council to subject us unto at our next compearance before their Lordships; that as we presently profess the true religion publicly taught, preached, and professed within this realm of Scotland, and embraced by his

Majesty and his Estates of this realm as the only and undoubted truth of God; so by his Grace we shall continue in the profession of the same without hypocrisy to our lives' end; and shall dutifully serve his Majesty in the maintenance of that truth, liberty of the same, and of all the laws and privileges of any part of his Highness's dominions, with our bodies and goods, without excuse or wearying to our last breath: likeas also we and every one of us protest, in the sight of the everliving God, that we acknowledge and reverence our sovereign lord his sacred Majesty allenarly supreme judge under the eternal God in all causes and above all persons, both spiritual and temporal, avowing our loyalty and obedience to his Highness only, conform to his Majesty's most loveable Act of Supremacy, which we embrace and subscribe unto with our hearts; and, further, under the same oath and pains, we faithfully promise dutiful obedience to the whole laws, Acts of Parliament, and constitutions of this his Highness's Kingdom of Scotland, and to observe and keep every point and ordinance of the same as they are observed by the rest of his Majesty's most loyal subjects of the realm; and to be answerable to his Majesty and to his Highness's Council as we shall be required upon our obedience thereto; and, further, as shall be more particularly enjoined unto us for our weal and reformation of this our poor country by his Majesty and Council having consideration what it may be and we are able to perform; and also, as more specially we have agreed unto, set down and established as necessary laws to be kept among ourselves in our particular Courts, holden by his Majesty's Commissioner, Andrew, Bishop of the Isles, and subscribed with all our hands in his presence. And, finally, we bind and oblige ourselves, under the oath and pains foresaid, that in case any of us and our friends, dependers, or servants, upon any evil or turbulent motion (as God forbid they do), disobey any of the foresaid ordinances, or be found remiss or negligent in observing of the special points of our obligation above written, and being convicted thereof by the Judge Ordinary of the country, spiritual or temporal; that then, and in that case, we shall assuredly concur together, conjunctly and severally, as we shall be employed by his Highness or the said Judge Ordinary or Sheriff; and shall concur with the said Sheriff or Judge whatsoever, having warrant of his Majesty, to pursue, take, apprehend, and present to justice the said disobedient person; intromit with his lands, goods, and gear, and dispone thereupon as we shall have commission of his Majesty; and hereto we and every one of us faithfully promise, bind, and oblige us by our great oaths, as we shall be saved and condemned upon the great day of the Great Judge of the world, to observe, keep, and fulfil the premises; and for the more

security, if need be, we are content, and consent that these presents be inserted and registered in his Highness's Books of Secret Council of this realm, and the same to have the strength of an Act and Decreet of the Lords thereof interponed hereto with executorials to be direct hereupon in form as effeirs; And to that effect makes and constitutes [blank] our Procurators, conjunctly and severally, *in uberiori forma, promitten. derato;* In witness whereof, etc."

This bond is dated the 23rd of August, 1609. On the following day, the 24th of August, in the same year, Roderick Macleod entered into a bond of friendship and mutual forgiveness with Donald Gorm Macdonald of Sleat, in the following terms:—

"At Icolmkill, the twenty-fourth day of August, the year of God, 1609 years: It is appointed, concorded, contracted, and finally agreed and ended betwixt the right honourable persons [the] parties underwritten, to wit, Donald Gorm Macdonald of Sleat, on the one part, and Rory Macleod of Harris, on the other part, in manner, form, and effect, as after follows:—That is to say, forasmuch as the foresaid persons, [the] parties above-named, being certainly persuaded of their dread Sovereign his Majesty's clemency and mercy towards them, and willing of their reformation, and their living hereafter in peace, as his Highness's quiet, modest, and peaceable subjects, and that by his Majesty's and Lords of his Secret Council's will and directions committed to one reverend father, Andrew, Bishop of the Isles; and the said parties, considering the Godless and unhappy turns done by either of them, their friends, servants, tenants, dependants, and part-takers, to others, which from their hearts they and each one of them now repents: therefore the said Donald Gorm Macdonald and Rory Macleod, [the] parties above-rehearsed, taking the burden on them, each one of them for their own kin, friends, servants, tenants, dependants, and allies, to have remitted, freely discharged, and forgiven, like as, by the tenor hereof, they from their hearts freely remit, discharge, and forgive each one of them, the other and their foresaids, for all and whatsoever slaughters, murders, heirschips, spulzies of goods, and raising of fire committed by either of them against the other, their friends, servants, tenants, and dependants, at any time preceding the date hereof; renouncing all actions or pursuit whatsoever, criminal or civil, that can or may be competent in either of their persons or their foresaids against the other for the same, *pise lite et causa* for ever; without prejudice to either of the foresaid parties to set whatsoever lands alleged to pertain to either of them, lying within the other's

bounds, as law will; and for their further security, binds and obliges them, taking the burden on them, as said is, each one to make, subscribe, and deliver letters of slains to the other for whatsoever slaughters [were] committed by either of them on [the] other's friends, servants, and tenants in due and competent form, if need be, so that the said parties and each one of them by their own moyens and diligence may deal and travel with his Majesty and Council for his Highness's remission for the same; and hereto both the parties bind and oblige them by the faith and truth in their bodies to observe, keep, and fulfil the promises each one to [the] other, and never to come in the contrar hereof, directly or indirectly, under the pain of perjury and defamation for ever: and, further, faithfully promise, bind, and oblige them to live hereafter in Christian society and peace, and each one of them to assist and maintain [the] other in their honest and lesome affairs and business. And for the more security, if need be, they are content, and consent that these presents be inserted and registered in the Books of Council and Session, and the same to have the strength of an Act and Decreet of the Lords thereof interponed hereto with execution to direct hereupon in form as effeirs," etc., etc.

The document is signed by both the parties, duly tested and witnessed in proper form.

On the 4th of May, 1610, Roderick obtained remission from the King for all his past crimes. On the 28th of June, he presented himself before the King in Edinburgh, with Macdonald of Sleat, Mackinnon of Strath, and three others of the leading Island chiefs, to hear his Majesty's pleasure declared to them, when they were taken bound to give securities in a large amount to appear before the Privy Council in May, 1611, and that they should aid the King's Lieutenants, Justices, and Commissioners in all matters connected with the Isles; that they should themselves, ever after, live together in "peace, love, and amity," and that all questions of difference arising between them should be settled in the ordinary course of law and justice. In consequence of these arrangements, there were scarcely any disturbances in the Isles during that year.

On the 18th of July, 1611, he purchased from Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, the five unciate lands of Waternish, which the latter had purchased from Sir George Hay and others, who got possession of them on the forfeiture of the

Macleods of Lewis, to whom they belonged. In part payment of the lands of Waternish, he disponed to Mackenzie of Kintail the two unciates of land in Troternish, which belonged to Macleod, with the Bailliary of the old extent of eight marks which had been united to the Barony of the Lewis, and in which William Macleod had been served heir to his father, Tormod, in 1585. On the following day, the 19th of July, he obtained from Sir George Hay, who had now become Viscount Duplin, and the other Fife Adventurers—to whom all Macleod's estates were granted on Roderick Macleod's forfeiture in 1597, when he declined to produce his titles in terms of the Act of that year—a disposition of all his lands, except Troternish, Sleat, and North Uist; and on these titles, and on his own resignation to the Crown, he obtained, on the 4th of August, 1611, a new charter, under the Great Seal, of the lands of Dunvegan, Glenelg, Waternish, etc., containing a Novadamus, taxing the ward and erecting the whole into a Barony, to be called the Barony of Dunvegan, in favour of himself and the heirs-male of his body, with remainder to Alexander Macleod of Minginish, his brother-german, and the heirs-male of his body, with remainder to William, *alias* MacWilliam Macleod of Meidle, heir-male of Tormod, second son of John VI. of Macleod, and the heirs-male of his body, whom all failing to his own nearest lawful male-heirs whatsoever. He was infeft on this charter on the 22nd of October in the same year.

(To be continued.)

YACHTING AND ELECTIONEERING IN THE HEBRIDES.

IV.

EARLY on Monday morning, we drove to the Berneray Ferry, calling on the way at Newton, the residence of Mr. John Macdonald, factor for North Uist. This gentleman's sister, Mrs. Macneil, is an enthusiastic antiquarian, and has gathered together a very rare and interesting collection of antiquities, mostly from the adjacent Island of Berneray. These relics of the past were kindly brought out for our inspection by Mrs. Macneil, who betrays a very pardonable pride in her fine and unique collection. Bone buttons, pins, needles, combs, beads, and brooches; flint knives, arrow and spear heads, silver and bronze pins, needles, and brooches, side by side with nuts from the South Pacific, and glass floats from Holland, thrown upon the Hebridean coast by the mighty Atlantic. Even outside the house, the antiquarian tastes of the occupants are indicated by the number of quern-stones, and what were described as ancient baptismal fonts, which confront one outside the house. They are seen at the front-door, upon the window-sills, and in the garden-rockeries. The garden itself was a treat. There, in the extreme north of Uist, were abundance of fruit, flowers, and vegetables, flowering luxuriantly, and quite equal to those grown in the most fertile spots on the Mainland.

Not very far from Newton is Loch Scolpeg, which we passed on the previous Saturday. On a small island in the middle of the lake are the remains of a small octagonal building, erected some years ago upon the site of an ancient Dun. About the beginning of the 16th century, this Dun was the scene of a terrible murder, when Donald Herrach, I. of Balranald, was treacherously put to death by his natural brother, Gillespic Dubh, and a few other desperate characters. This Gillespic, wishing to get possession of Donald Herrach's lands in North Uist, inveigled him into

the Dun of Loch Scolpeg, where, after they had partaken of refreshments, he proposed some gymnastic feats. The first engaged in was the high leap. A wooden partition divided the apartment in which the game took place, from the adjoining one, and, on the other side of this partition, one of Gillespic's accomplices, named Paul Hellach, was stationed. As soon as Donald Herrach attempted the leap, Paul threw a rope with a noose over his head from the other side, and, while Donald was hanged and struggling in the noose, a red-hot spit was thrust through his body by Gillespic Dubh.

Leaving Newton House, we crossed to the Island of Berneray by the ferry boat, and, after holding a meeting there, visited the old Chapel of Berneray, which now presents nothing more than the aspect of a ruined dwelling-house. Here was born Sir Norman Macleod of Berneray, as will be seen from the following inscription cut upon the wall :—

HIC NATUS EST
ILLUSTRIS ILLE
NORMANNUS MACLEOD
DE BERNERAY
EQUES AURATUS.

The people of Berneray, which island is a part of South Harris, though lying close to North Uist, complained bitterly of the unequal distribution of the land, the best half of the Island, by far, being let to a non-resident tacksman, the factor for Sir John Orde, and tenant of some of the largest and best farms in North Uist. The Berneray people would be comparatively comfortable if the whole Island were divided among them. They are a nice, hospitable, obliging people, and offered their biggest boat to take us across to Obbe, in South Harris, where we were to meet our yacht in the evening. Having gladly accepted their offer, we started, and set sail, favoured with a fresh breeze, in a large boat manned by a crew of five stalwart men.

Stretching from Berneray, a considerable distance into the Sound of Harris, is a narrow bank of gravel, perfectly symmetrical in form, and visible at low tide. The natives account for it by saying that it was the work of a celebrated Long Island witch, who was attempting to make a high-road to Skye through the

Sound, but, her spade having broken when she had finished a considerable part of it, she could not proceed further with her operations!

Arriving at Obbe about six in the evening, we found the yacht awaiting us. Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh wished to see the old Cathedral of St. Clement's, at Rodel, and, as we could find no conveyance in Obbe, we set off on foot. As we passed the blacksmith's house, we observed a dogcart standing at the gable, and, the smith's son coming out at the moment, we asked him if he could drive us to Rodel. With the native generosity and politeness of the true Highlander, he at once replied that he would, and immediately went away to get his horse, which was grazing on the hill. He returned, however, in about half-an-hour, having been unable to find it, but said that, if we would walk on, he would go back, and, if he found the horse, he would drive after us, and bring us back, at any-rate. We, accordingly, walked on, and arrived at Rodel precisely at eight o'clock. Immediately on our arrival, we sent a boy whom we met there to Rodel House, asking Lord Dunmore to oblige us with the key of the Cathedral. In a quarter of an hour, as the boy did not return, I walked over to the House, and sent a message to his Lordship by one of his servants, saying that Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh had walked from Obbe to see the building, and asking him to favour us with the key. After waiting some little time, I was told by the housekeeper that his Lordship had already sent his valet with a message to Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, but further than that I was unable to get any satisfaction. I then returned to the Church-yard, but found that no messenger had reached Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh from Lord Dunmore, and none arrived afterwards. By this time it was dark, and, as the blacksmith's son had now arrived from Obbe with his conveyance, we prepared to go away. Before we actually left, however, the boy whom we had first sent to Rodel House returned, telling us from Lord Dunmore, that no one was admitted to the building after seven o'clock. It was now nine o'clock, more than an hour after our arrival at Rodel.*

The Cathedral of Rodel is a cruciform building, with a fine old

* As Lord Dunmore has since attempted to deny the above, the substance of which appeared at the time in the *Scottish Highlander*, I have given *my* version of the *facts* in full.—H. R. M.

tower, the age of which is said to be exceeded only by some parts of St. Mungo's Cathedral in Glasgow. The style of architecture is Early English upon Norman foundations, and there are some quaint bits of carving, both inside and out. Perhaps the most interesting sculpture to a Highlander is one upon the outside of the wall, portraying a man in full Highland dress—kilt, plaid, and all complete—a convincing proof of the antiquity of the costume. Inside the Cathedral, which was restored some years ago by the Dowager-Countess of Dunmore, are some fine old tomb-stones, with figures of recumbent warriors upon them. Some of the inscriptions upon these tombs were given in the *Celtic Magazine* for August, 1885. The Cathedral is now comfortably fitted up for public worship, and services are frequently held in it. At one time there was a noted monastery at Rodel, one of the twenty-eight established in Scotland by the Canons-Regular of St. Augustine; and the present Cathedral is believed to occupy the site of it. In company with my father (the Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*) and Mr. Kenneth Macdonald, Town Clerk of Inverness, I visited the Cathedral in the previous month of April, and our reception then was as cordial and pleasant as this one was discourteous and disagreeable.

On returning to Obbe, we had a most hearty meeting with the people there, which unmistakeably proved that their landlord, the Earl of Dunmore, was as completely at variance with the wishes and aspirations of his tenants, as he was disobliging and rude to Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh. On being told of the incident, they not only expressed their astonishment, but their indignation, that a gentleman occupying the position of Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, as Member of Parliament for the Highland Capital, and then the popular candidate for the great County of Inverness, should have been treated in such a manner in Harris, for centuries famed for the hospitality of its historic chiefs and warm-hearted people.

On Tuesday, 15th September, we steamed from Obbe to Tarbert, the meeting at Scarp, which was the next in our programme, having to be put off, as the Captain declined to go there. Soon after passing Eilean-Glas Lighthouse, we met a large steamer, which hoisted the Dutch flag, politely dipping it to our British ensign, hoisted in reply. At Tarbert, Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh met an old friend, the Rev. Mr.

Maclean, who treated us most hospitably. The Tarbert Free Church Manse and surroundings, erected by the late Dr. Mackintosh-Mackay, are, perhaps, the finest in the Isles. The meeting at Tarbert, a very large one, was attended by several ladies. Next day we steamed to the Island of Scalpay, which has a beautifully-sheltered little harbour. The Island is much overcrowded, numbers of people having been driven there from North Harris, to make way for sheep, which, in their turn, had to make room for deer. We were told that it used to be a common saying, that whoever, in the past, offended the proprietor or the factor, was banished to Scalpay, as to a penal settlement. After a good meeting here, we steamed for Manish, anchoring in Loch Finsbay. To get to Manish was one of the most difficult trials encountered during our whole trip, there being no roads in that part of Harris. The prospect was everywhere most dismal. For miles, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but reddish-grey rock, varied occasionally by a small loch. And yet there was a large population even in in this desolate place. Down in the hollows, wherever a few blades of corn or a plot of potatoes could be grown, the hardy crofters built their cottages, and cultivated their little patches of ground—if such they could be called. These unfortunate people have been turned out of Rodel, Luskintyre, and other fertile places. The Rev. Mr. Davidson, Free Church minister of Manish, is a fine old gentleman, considerably over seventy years of age, hailing from Strathnairn, but who has spent more than half his lifetime in this dreary place. His fine figure—scarcely bowed with the weight of years—fresh complexion, and long swinging stride, attest the healthiness of the climate, and his natural physical hardihood. As we approached his manse, after our weary tramp, the good man came to meet us, his white hair streaming in the wind, his face beaming with beneficence and good nature, and his hands outstretched to welcome us.

After a good meeting in the Church, and having been hospitably entertained in the manse, we left, and, after a long and weary walk, escorted by willing guides, at length got on board our yacht at a very late hour, feeling that there were some things which we might forget, but Manish—never! We had now finished the Long Island, and next day we steamed across from

Harris to the Isle of Skye, dropping anchor about nine o'clock in the morning in the beautiful Bay of Uig.

On Thursday morning, 17th September, we landed at Uig, and drove thence to Stenscholl, round by Kilmaluag and Kilmuir, and back to Uig, holding meetings at all four places. The village of Uig is scattered round the shores of the lovely Bay of that name, one of the best anchorage-grounds in the Hebrides.

On Sunday, the 14th of October, 1877, the parish of Kilmuir, of which Uig is the centre, was the scene of a terrible flood. The burns in the vicinity rose with startling rapidity, the Uig burying-ground was flooded, bridges were destroyed, and, according to a contemporary account of the disaster, "great boulders were swept away by the current as if they had been pebbles." Uig Lodge, the residence of the proprietor, which stood near the shore of the Bay, was overwhelmed and completely wrecked by two mountain-streams in the neighbourhood, which also destroyed the plantation and garden attached to the house. Mr. D. Ferguson, manager on the estate of Kilmuir, who was the only occupant of the Lodge at the time, was drowned in the house by the flood, and his body was carried out to sea and afterwards washed ashore by the tide some three miles away. The havoc made by the flood in the graveyard was appalling. Numbers of coffins and dead bodies were washed out of the graves, and carried, some out to sea, and others into the Lodge garden, where they were afterwards found. Six bodies were washed ashore and re-interred at Grishornish and Lynedale, places some eight miles distant. The coast of Uig round to Cuidrach was strewed with bones washed away from the burying-ground. The Lodge has never been rebuilt, and the traces of the terrible flood are still to be seen upon the spot.

The view, as we drove slowly up the side of the hill forming the north side of Uig Bay, was magnificent. Below was the sea, smooth as a mirror, the *Carlotta*, with all her flags flying, and the strains of the bagpipes rising melodiously from her deck, swinging lazily at anchor; the bold headlands forming the entrance to the Bay, Loch Snizort running inland, like a silver streak, Waternish Point and Dunvegan Head beyond, jutting far out into the sea, and the blue hills of Harris filling up the background. Close to the seashore, immediately below us, were a number of crofters' huts, with little strips of land belonging to each running

up the steep face of the hill to the edge of the road. The huts were most wretched-looking, and the land not much better. A group of men, standing at the end of one of the cottages, gave us a hearty cheer as we passed, and, a little further on, three little boys, carrying home peats on their backs in creels, gave us another, no less hearty.

Glenuig, a beautiful opening between the hills, runs eastward from the head of Uig Bay. Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, this glen was filled with well-to-do crofters; it is now part of the Uig Inn farm, the crofters having been huddled down to the sea-shore, or driven away elsewhere. Many other evictions have taken place in the parish of Kilmuir in recent times. The townships of Delista, Graulin, Balgown, Feaull, Lachsay, and Scorr, have all been cleared of their inhabitants within the last twenty years, and the lands added to the neighbouring sheep-farms, Monkstadt and Duntulm getting the lion's share.

About four miles from Uig, we passed the most wretched hut, I think, I have ever seen. It stood upon a slight eminence on our left, a short distance off the road, and in the midst of a dreary-looking moss. The roof appeared to be falling in, the walls to be falling out—everything about it seemed to be going rapidly to decay. This miserable place was the abode of a shepherd on one of the largest and best-known sheep-farms in the Island.

On reaching the top of the ridge separating Uig from the district of Eastside, a magnificent view presented itself. On our left was the fantastic rock-face forming the entrance to the far-famed Quiraing; away to our right extended in serried ranks the picturesque and forbidding-looking cliffs which seem like so many monsters keeping guard over the valley they enclose, while below, the road went winding down the gully to Staffin. In front of us lay the Sound of Gairloch, and Loch Torridon, flecked here and there with a tiny brown sail, the north point of Rona Island, with its lighthouse, just appearing on the right; while in the far distance, the serrated peaks of Ross-shire glittered in the sun-light. The mountains of Torridon, Gairloch, and other ranges, lay piled one upon another in majestic confusion, while away to the left rose the bold outline of Ru Rea, the most north-westerly point on the mainland of Scotland. Descending the ravine, we soon reached Staffin Lodge, a shooting-box erected a few years ago by Major

Fraser of Kilmuir, and recently used as barracks for a detachment of the Royal Marine Artillery, sent, at the instance of the warlike Sheriff of the County of Inverness, Mr. William Ivory, to overawe the people in this "lawless and disturbed district." A little further on is a heath-covered slope, dignified with the name of Staffin Park, which formed the bone of contention in the now well-known Garafad Interdict Case.

Crossing the Kilmartin River, a turbulent, noisy, little stream, we reached Stenscholl. In this district the Land Law Reform agitation first took practical shape in the Highlands. The leader of the people here is Mr. Archibald Macdonald, merchant and crofter, Garafad, a man of great intelligence and influence among the crofters of the whole parish. He accompanied us on our drive to Kilmaluag and Kilmuir.

The MacQueens of Garafad were once a family of considerable note in Skye. They had the farm of Garafad, for many centuries, free, with the exception that they had to give a certain number of salmon yearly, at a fixed price, to the proprietor. It is said that they got deeply into arrears with their strange rent, and, in consequence, lost their tenure. A Mrs. MacQueen, the widow of the last of the family, had a pendicle of the farm until her death within recent years.

On our way to Kilmaluag, the chief place of interest was the farm-house of Flodigarry, for some years the residence, after her marriage, of the famous Flora Macdonald. The house stands, surrounded by some fine old trees, a short distance below the road near the seashore. The low grounds all around are covered with little, grass-covered, natural tumuli, giving the place a very curious appearance.

At Kilmaluag there is a very active branch of the Highland Land Law Reform Association, the moving spirit of which is Mr. W. H. B. Macdougall, Duntulm, a young man of good education, enlightened ideas, and indomitable energy. The people of Kilmaluag, though now much curtailed in their pastures, by the encroachments of Duntulm, are most active and industrious. Many of their cattle are perfect specimens of the real West-Highland breed.

HECTOR ROSE MACKENZIE.

(*To be continued.*)

TREE MYTHS AND FOREST LORE.

[By William Durie.]

II.

I.—Folk Tales.

Let us begin with the Maple, because there is a Hungarian legend told of it containing many obvious relations with folk-lore in other fields, such as the stories of "King Lear" and "Beauty and the Beast"; the Biblical narratives of "Cain and Abel," and "Joseph and his Brethren"; the legend of "Romulus and Remus"; the story of the "Reed and the Dove"; the "Hindoo Legend of Sakuntala"; the story of Polydorus changed into a dog-berry tree; the myth of Orpheus; and the stories of the "Magic Flute," the "Strawberries," the "Red Boots," and the two brothers quarrelling about a peacock's feather. The points of agreement between these stories and the following narrative would seem to point to their common origin. I shall indicate these stories at the points of agreement in the course of the narrative.

A King had three daughters. The youngest was fair-haired, and of great beauty and sweetness of disposition (Cordelia). A young shepherd, who fed his flock near the palace, played the flute every evening (Orpheus), and the young princess (Eurydice) listened to him. One night the king, the shepherd, and the princess had each a bad dream. The king dreamed he had lost his crown-diamonds; the young princess, that she had gone to see her mother's tomb, and had not returned; and the shepherd, that wild beasts had devoured the pet-lamb of his flock (Joseph). After this dream the king called his three daughters and told them that the first of the three who should bring him a basket of strawberries should become his best-loved daughter, who should possess his crown and his seven kingdoms (King Lear). The princesses went away to search for strawberries, and came to a green hillock. The eldest cried, "Basket, be filled, that I may receive my father's crown." But the basket remained empty. The second daughter

said, "Basket, be filled, that I may receive the seven kingdoms of my father." Yet the basket remained empty. After these two dark-haired sisters (the two halves of the Night) had thus spoken, the youngest, with the fair hair (the Aurora or Dawn), said tenderly, "Basket, be filled, in order that I may become the well-beloved daughter of my father." Immediately, her basket filled with strawberries. Seeing this, the two envious sisters, fearing to lose the royal crown and kingdoms (Cain), put their sister to death; and, having buried her under an old maple-tree, broke her basket, and divided the fruit between them. They went home and told their father that their sister had ventured too far into the forest and been devoured by a wild beast (Joseph). Their father then put ashes on his head (Jacob), and cried, "Alas! I have lost the most precious diamond in my crown." At the new moon, the shepherd tried to play his flute, but it would not play. Indeed, why should the flute play, when there was no fair princess to hear it? Near the green hillock, on the third night, he saw a fresh young shoot springing up near the old maple-tree at the spot where the princess had been buried. As time wore on, the shoot grew, and he wished to make a new flute of it. As soon as he had put this flute to his lips (stories of Sakuntala, Polydorus, Dogberry tree, and Magic Flute), the enchanted flute sang thus:—"Play, my dear; formerly I was a king's daughter; now I am a shoot of maple, a flute of a maple shoot." The shepherd took the flute to the king, who tried to play it, and it sang the same refrain. The two wicked sisters then tried it, and the instrument sang:—"Play, my murderer; formerly I was a king's daughter; now I am a flute of maple." Then the king cursed his two daughters, and drove them out of his kingdom. Such is the story, but it is evidently incomplete. From the details furnished by other similar stories, there should follow the resurrection of the princess slain by her envious sisters.

The maple is still an object of veneration in many parts of Germany.

The Palm-tree, one of the chief beauties of an Eastern landscape, has been the subject of many myths, especially in countries bordering on the Mediterranean. According to an Adriatic legend;—"A shipmaster in Venice saw seven witches come on

board his ship at night-fall; he concealed himself to see what they would do; in a single night they drove the ship to Alexandria, in Egypt; he went ashore and broke a branch of a tall tree, and took it on board. The witches then brought the ship back to Venice the same night, and disappeared at cock-crow. The captain found at daybreak that the branch was covered with dates, which convinced him that he had really been at Alexandria, since dates do not grow at Venice. We have here a new version of the nocturnal voyage of the sun, of which the palm-tree is the personification; it is during the night that he recovers his golden dates, shown to the world in the morning sunshine." The association of the palm-tree with the sun, as victor over darkness, is seen in some Hindoo myths, one of which relates that Arguna stole a small branch of the Betel-palm when in Paradise, and planted it on earth. This explains why the Hindoos always steal a shoot of Betel when wishing to plant it. Hercules is said to have carried a palm-tree with him in his miraculous journeys. In Arabia, it is believed to have been formed from the residue of the clay of which Adam was made.

The Cedar has long been accounted a sacred tree, of which the wood-work of Jewish and Greek temples was usually made. A Chinese legend runs thus:—"Hanpang, Secretary to King Hang, had a young and fair wife, named Ho, whom he tenderly loved. The king, having taken a fancy for this woman, put her husband to death. She threw herself from a steep place, and was taken up dead. In her scarf was found a letter addressed to the king, asking, as a last favour, that he would bury her in the same grave as her husband. But the king, in his wrath, ordered her to be buried in a far separate place. During the night, two cedars shot up, one from each tomb, and in ten days they had become so tall and strong that they managed to interlace their branches and roots, although widely apart. The people then named these cedars "the trees of faithful love."

The Elm, which Virgil calls the "Tree of Dreams," a name it still retains in France, may have got this name from the fact of village-justice having been often administered under its shadow, the prophetic or inspired character of early judges being supposed to be re-inforced in states of trance or dream. In the story of

Orpheus making plaint on his lyre for the death of his wife, Eurydice, the elm is said, for the first time, to have sprung into life in sympathy with his dirge.

A Spanish legend regards the White Poplar as the first tree God made, and as the immediate progenitor of Adam. The Black Poplar, according to a Greek myth, was the form into which the gods changed the sisters of the solar hero, Phaeton, when they mourned his disappearance in the ocean.

The Oak, king of British forests, has had its full share of myth. The ancient Greeks thought it the oldest tree. Scandinavian story ascribed man's origin to the oak or the ash—a myth also prevalent among the Romans. The Arcadians believed their ancestors were oaks before they became men. As showing the persistence of such myths after all faith has gone out of them, it is said that in Piedmont, to this day, in order to evade the awkward questions of children as to the arrival of babies, people say that they are born out of the trunk of an old oak—akin to the practice of Scotch mothers who assign that function to the cabbage.

The Pomegranate is, in the East, emphatically the tree consecrated to love. The worship of Rimmon, denounced in the Old Testament, was the worship of the Syrian Adonis, Rimmon being the Syriac for the pomegranate. "In a Hindoo story, the parents of a princess confine her in a garden which nobody can enter; at the same time, they announce that whosoever will enter the garden and carry off three pomegranates on which the princess and her attendants sleep, will marry her."

The Walnut figures in a Slavonic legend of the Deluge, in which the good people who escape and re-people the world are saved in a walnut-shell.

The Apple, having been regarded as *the* fruit, has appropriated to itself the word *pomum* in Latin, which is a generic name for fruit (specially of fruit having stones or seeds, as the apple, pear, quince, pomegranate, fig, etc.), while *Pomona* is the goddess in charge of *all* fruit trees. Adam's apple is equivalent to Adam's fruit; and it is a waste of time to discuss whether it was an apple or an orange, or a fig, or any other fruit full of seeds. According to a Hanoverian legend:—"A young girl descended to hades by a

ladder which appeared under an apple-tree in her garden. In the lower regions she saw a garden in which the sun seemed even more beautiful than on earth; and the trees were laden with fruit. She filled her apron with apples, which became golden as soon as she came back to the earth." This is supposed to represent the sun's journey at night ending in the golden dawn. A German popular song begins:—

> "Bitterly wept the dear Sun
> In the apple-garden;
> From the apple-tree has fallen
> The golden apple.
> Weep not, little Sun,
> God is making another
> Of gold, of iron, and of silver."

The sun at first loses his golden apple and weeps; people try to put him to sleep in the orchard, and to make him hope to find his golden apple in the morning; he still weeps, and they tell him he will have another, of the three metals, representing the grey morning, the dawn, and the full sun-glow. A Swedish mythological enigma thus runs:—"Our mother has a bed-cover which nobody can fold; our father has more gold than any-one can count; and our brother has an apple which nobody can bite." The explanation is:—"Our mother is the earth: the earth's counterpane is the sky; our father is in Heaven; his golden stars are countless; our brother is the Divine Saviour, whose apple is the sun." The identity of the sun and the apple in such myths is scarcely open to question.

The Pear-tree has never been so popular as the apple, perhaps on account of the rapidity with which it succumbs to corruption. According to a Thuringian legend, a mad cow was at first changed into a pear-tree, and afterwards into an old woman. This legend is supposed to figure three seasons of the year—the hot sun becomes a pear-tree in autumn, and a sterile old woman in winter.

The Alder appears in a Tyrolese legend, thus:—"A boy mounted a tree and saw what the witches were doing below; they cut to pieces a woman's body and threw the bits up in the air; the boy caught a rib, and kept it beside him. When the witches counted the bits, they found one amissing, and they replaced it by a bit of alder; then the body revived." They say in Germany

that alders begin to weep, to speak, and to shed drops of blood, when people speak of cutting them down.

The Lime-tree, or linden, bulks largely in Scandinavian mythology, where Sigurd, after slaying the dragon Fafnir, bathes in its blood ; a leaf of lime-tree falls on his shoulder and renders him vulnerable in that place only, while he is proof against injury in every other part of his body.

The Hazel has been the centre of many popular beliefs, especially about fairies, with whom it was a favourite tree. In the "Manners of the Ancient Irish," the hazel is the subject of the following myth:—"The Irish bards taught that there were fountains in which the primitive rivers had their sources; over each fountain grew nine hazel-trees, which produced beautiful red nuts that fell into the fountains, and floated on their surface until the salmon of the river came up and swallowed the nuts. It was thought that the eating of the nuts caused the red spots on the salmon's belly, and whoever caught and ate one of these salmon was inspired with the sublimest poetical ideas." Hence the expressions, "the nuts of science," and "the salmon of knowledge."

The Cypress, honoured in nearly all mythologies, is the subject of these two Greek myths:—"Cypresses, before becoming trees, had been the daughters of Eteocles. Carried off by goddesses in an endless round, they at last fell into a lake ; the earth-goddess took pity on them, and changed them into cypresses." "Cyparissus was very fond of a tame stag. One day he killed it by accident, and he was so sorry that he wished to die. Apollo immediately transformed him into a cypress."

The Beech, a prophetic tree to the ancient Greeks, is still a privileged tree among the peasantry of some districts of France. They relate that—"A man, while hammering red-hot iron on an anvil, struck sparks into the eyes of the good God himself, who cursed him, and condemned him to be changed into a bear, with the condition that he should be allowed to mount at his will every tree except the beech."

From the point of view of the Solar mythologists, a good example of the growth and transformation of myth is found in the Laurel and the story of Daphne. "The Arcadians say that Daphne was daughter of the earth-goddess, and was loved by

Apollo. The gods interfered when he was persecuting her in his passion, and they turned her into a laurel-tree." Max Müller's explanation is that the Dawn was called in Greek *Daphne*, meaning *burning*; so was the *laurel;* hence the myth, from the double meaning of the Greek word. But Andrew Lang's destructive criticism, too elaborate for insertion here, should be taken into account, in dealing with the Daphne myth.

The sweet-smelling Myrtle was the subject of several Greek and Roman myths, such as—"The nymph Myrsine, having, at a race, out-run her friend, the goddess Pallas, the angry goddess killed her on the spot; from her body sprang the myrtle, a tree which Pallas herself afterwards loved, perhaps from remorse for slaying her friend." "Venus, being once afraid of being seen naked, hid behind a myrtle, and ever after adopted it as her favourite tree."

The Fir, with its curious cones, has always been held in high esteem in northern countries. "In the Battle of the Birds, the young prince goes to the top of a fir, by order of the giant, to look for the magpie's eggs; his bride, who felt her father's breath burning her back (the dawn followed by the sun), has marked with her fingers the steps of the ladder on the trunk of the fir, and, thanks to this ladder, the prince reaches both his bride and the bird's eggs."

The Birch, called the "Queen of Scotia's glens," is especially dear to German peasants. "An Esthonian peasant had seen a stranger asleep under a tree when a great storm was about to burst over them. He awoke the stranger, who thanked him, and said —'When you are far from your native land, and feel home-sick, you will see a twisted birch ; strike it, and ask—"Twisted fellow, are you at home?"' One day, the peasant, engaged as a soldier in Finland felt sad, as he thought of his home and his children far away; he then saw a twisted birch, and he did as the stranger advised him. The stranger appeared again and ordered his quickest spirits to transport the soldier to his native land, with a bag of money."

About the Vine, dear to Bacchus, we have this Persian legend: —"In order to console the poor and the wretched, God sent to the earth the angels, Aroth and Maroth, with orders to put no one

to death, to commit no unjust act, and to drink no wine. Having looked on a beautiful woman, they forgot their commission and drank wine, which led them to oppression and iniquity."

The Orange is, perhaps, the finest of fruits accessible to everybody. "In popular Piedmontese stories, the rich and marvellous kingdom is often Portugal; and oranges are always called *Portogallotti* in Piedmont. Portugal is the most westerly country of Europe; in heaven, it is at the extreme west, at sun-set, that the kingdom of the blessed was placed. It was also at the extreme west that Hercules found the garden of Hesperides with its tree of golden apples." Portugal, the western region, and this garden, are, in myth, the same country; the orange, the Portogallotto, and the Hesperides apple, are the same fruit. The Greeks also called oranges Portagalea. How is this name explained? Is it because oranges are better or more abundant in Portugal than elsewhere? No. It is because the cultivation of the orange in Europe began in Portugal.

The Fig, the first tree mentioned by name in the Bible, is the subject of a legend told by Hesiod:—"As soon as the divine Mopsus succeeded in counting the figs on the fig-tree before Calchas, Calchas died; whoever eats a fig off that tree, acquires a new lease of life; he becomes like the immortals; but the fig-tree itself is condemned to perish, and Calchas ceases to live as soon as the number of figs on the tree has been counted, representing the days of his own life."

The Rose-tree has many mythological relations. A Hindoo story follows:—"A king had become blind. All the doctors declared that he could not be cured except by the Rose of Bakavali, the virtue of which was so great that it could even give sight to a man born blind. The king's sons went in search of it. The siren Lakka (the moon) told one of them—'The rose you seek is only found in the region of the sun, and no bird even can reach it.' Bakavali is daughter of the fairy-king; this rose is found in her garden, in the middle of a basin of rose-water, sparkling with diamonds. The prince plunges into the water and brings away the rose, extremely beautiful, and of an excellent perfume. By rubbing the king's eyes with this flower they become luminous as stars."

There is a pretty fable told of the moss-rose. "An angel had

slept under the shade of a rose-tree, and, feeling grateful, offered to do it a service. At its request, he threw over the roses a veil of moss." Hence the moss-like growth on the calyx of the moss-rose.

The Cotton-tree is contemptuously spoken of in Hindoo songs, because it has no smell and gives no fruit fit for food to man or monkey. Agassiz tells a strange story as current in Brazil:—" *Caro Sacaibu*, the first of men, was a demi-god. His son, *Prairu*, an inferior being, obeyed the orders of his father, who hated him. In order to get rid of him, *Sacaibu* made an armadillo and stuck it in the earth, leaving its tail on the surface, after rubbing it with mistletoe; then he ordered his son to bring the armadillo to him; but the animal pulled him down through the earth. But *Prairu* managed to get back again, and told his father he had seen men and women under-ground, who might be brought up to till the earth. *Sacaibu* went down to see for himself, having woven a cotton cord, to produce which he had sown cotton seed for the first time. The first men whom he drew up with the cotton cord were short and ugly; but, the more he drew up, the better and taller they grew, until the cord broke, and the finest specimens of humanity were thus left for ever underground. This is why, in this world, beauty is so rare an endowment."

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE."

Dear Sir,—In my short notice of the late Mr. Henry Bradshaw, there are two small misprints, which you will, perhaps, allow me to correct. The word "gentlemen," on page 231, seven lines from the foot of the page, should be printed "gentleman"; and, at the close of my paper, the sentence—"Mr. Bradshaw was born on February 2, 1831, and died at the early age of 54"—should read simply "Mr. Bradshaw was born on February 2, 1831." The way in which this last mistake originated may be taken as an illustration of the origin and life-history of a large class of curious typographic blunders. The first sheets sent you, stated, on the authority of the *Times* obituary, that—"Mr. Bradshaw died at the early age of 54"; but, in the supplementary sheet which followed, I was able to correct this mistake, and to give the exact date of Mr. Bradshaw's birth." I, accordingly, closed this supplementary sheet with the words—"Mr. Bradshaw was born on February 2, 1831." But the printer put these two things together, with the result of begetting a very curious arithmetical prodigy.

Of this, I do not at all complain. You had no time to send me a proof; and, moreover, my paper was, of necessity, very hurriedly written. In these circumstances, it is much to the credit of your press that the misprints should be so few.—I am, yours faithfully, DONALD MASSON.

Edinburgh, March 3, 1886.

THE CELTIC CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

THE real question of interest, with regard to the Celtic Church in Scotland, is the much vexed one—whether she was in communion with the Church of Rome, and acknowledged her authority, or whether she was a separate, distinct church, and opposed to her. Both the Presbyterians and Episcopalians of the present day claim her—on the latter ground—as their common parent. The latest contribution on the subject, is a very interesting paper by Provost Macandrew, in the *Celtic Magazine* (January and February numbers) of this year, in which he favours the view that the old Church was a distinct, separate church from Rome, that its representative at the present day, is the Episcopal, not the Presbyterian, Church of Scotland. What I undertake to show is, that the Celtic Church was essentially Roman.

The learned Provost touches the heart of the matter when he says that the nature and character of the Celtic Church in Scotland, founded by St. Columba, must be determined by the nature and character of the Church in Ireland, from which it came. The Provost acknowledges that the Church founded by St. Patrick in 432 did not differ in any respect from the Church in other parts of Western Europe, which was undoubtedly Roman. But, "soon after the time of Patrick, all intercourse between Ireland and the outer world seems to have ceased for upwards of 100 years, and, during this time, there grew up in Ireland a Church, constituted in a manner entirely different from that founded by St. Patrick," and it was from this new Church, he says, that the Church of Scotland arose. The reasons which seem strong enough to the Provost to warrant him in making such an astounding assertion are three. 1st, The Celtic Church was monastic, and its bishops owed obedience and jurisdiction to the Abbot of Iona. 2nd, According to its computation of the Calendar, Easter sometimes fell upon a different Sunday from that celebrated by the Western Churches; and, 3rd, The form of the monks' tonsure was a little

different from that of other monks. I commence by granting at once the truth of these three allegations. What then? They are totally inadequate to prove the Provost's assertion that the Celtic Church was a separate, distinct Church, independent of Rome. Why? These were matters of pure discipline, and had nothing to do with doctrine. In many of the national Churches (Catholic), at the present day, there are far greater discrepancies and differences in matters of discipline and ritual, between them and the Church at Rome, than ever there were between the latter and the Celtic Church. Who would ever dream of saying that these Churches were on that account independent of Rome? Take one example out of many. Take the case of the Catholic Greek Church. There a priest can retain his wife, if he had been married before ordination, and Rome would find a greater difficulty in breaking through this custom than she found in the case of the Eastern controversy with the Columbite Church. More than that, I have a letter before me, from a much-respected citizen of Inverness—Mr. Colin Chisholm—who informs me, that almost in his own days, the Catholics of Strathglass were Columbites, in the matter of old and new styles!

The fact of the bishops in the Celtic Church yielding a sort of *civil* jurisdiction to their Abbot being regarded as sufficient grounds to stamp her a distinct Church from that of Rome, is beyond my comprehension. Besides, the worthy Provost does not seem to see that his line of argument hits his friends harder than his foes. It is of the essential constitution of the present Episcopal Church that her bishops rule their separate dioceses independently of a higher authority. What, then, can they have in common with a church whose bishops obeyed one who was not even a bishop? and where are the Episcopal monks and abbots? Again, supposing, for the sake of argument, that, as Provost Macandrew says, a new Church had sprang up in Ireland after the time of St. Patrick, what follows? In the first place, it must have broken away from the parent Church; it must then have set up a new establishment of its own, with a new form of government—new doctrines, new practices—and then, we find, that it set about evangelizing other nations and spreading its new doctrines, and that "incredibile dictu" Rome acknowledged it as its own, and enrolled

its saints in her own Calendar! Provost Macandrew himself quotes Bede, an Ultra Roman, as eulogizing the Celtic Church, while the only fault which he finds with its teachers is their perversity in not celebrating Easter on the proper Sunday!

Bede refers to the peculiar custom of its bishops' obedience to their Abbot, but *he* never dreams of that as a reason why he should look upon the Celtic Church as different from his own. At the same time, he puts the matter in its proper light, for, while lamenting these customs, with a vigour, which, to us, seems almost uncalled for (and this itself is surely an indication that, in essentials, there was perfect unity between them), he takes pains to tell us that they were *tolerated* on account of the circumstances of the times.

But it will be urged that the Columbite Church did come in contact with Rome on the Easter question; that Rome demanded submission, and, by its refusal to submit, the Columbite Church showed her independence of Rome.

It is not true that Rome ever demanded submission on this point. The testimony of Bede is sufficient to show the very contrary.

What is true is, that the Celtic Church celebrated Easter on a different day from the Saxon Church, and, when the latter began to spread, and communication to be opened between the two Churches, it happened that confusion and disorder arose from this discrepancy in their calenders. Accordingly, Bishop Wilfrid of York, wishing to bring about uniformity in discipline, as there was in doctrine, endeavoured to persuade the bishops of the Celtic Church to adopt the Roman, and more correct computation, for which purpose a council was held under Oswy, King of Northumbria, Bishop Colman representing the Columban Church.

From the account given by Bede of this council (*Eccles. History*, *l.* III., c. 25), it is quite evident that the Celtic Church acknowledged the supremacy of the Church of Rome as being the representative of that of Peter. For King Oswy, who acted as arbiter between the two Bishops, having asked Bishop Colman if he acknowledged that the power of the keys was given to St. Peter, and he having replied that he did, and did not claim a similar power for his Columba, continued, thus—"You are both then agreed that the

keys of Heaven were given by our Lord to Peter? Yes, they both answered together." Upon this, the King gave his decision in favour of Wilfrid, as being the representative of the Church of Peter, and the assembly agreed with the decision, except Colman, whose obstinacy would not let him yield to this brother bishop. But Bede tells us that the Celtic Church, a few years afterwards, adopted the Roman computation, and this, surely, is an argument that she acknowledged the right of Rome, particularly when we bear in mind that this submission was brought about by the solicitations of Celtic prelates themselves, from Ireland, on the very plea that they owed obedience and submission to the Roman See.

Usher relates that the well-known Cumian wrote a letter to Segenus, Abbot of Iona, about the year 623, calling upon him to yield, even in matters of discipline, to Rome, "as children to their Mother," declaring that "every Irish tradition was not good, but only such as were approved by the source of their baptism and wisdom, Rome, and that to blame even the customs of Rome was an act deserving excommunication."

Provost Macandrew himself refers to the letters of Cumian's contemporary—Columbanus—to several Popes, and in these very letters is a complete refutation of his statement that after the time of St. Patrick the Church in Ireland had developed into a church that knew not Rome. For Columbanus, addressing Pope Gregory, calls him "the holy Lord and Father in Christ, the chosen watchman possessed of the divine treasureship," he says, "It is in accordance neither with place nor with order, that anything should be set before *thy great authority by way of discussion*, lawfully sitting as thou doest in the chair, to wit, of Peter the apostle and key-bearer." To Boniface IV., his words are still more explicit; one could almost fancy that he had foreseen that the day would come when his faith, and that of his countrymen, would be called in question, and so he put in record, in burning words of eloquence, his love and submission to the See of Rome, that his spirit might speak, as it were, from the tomb, and point to the words of his soul, behold the teaching of my fathers, my country's faith, and my own. The following are some of the expressions bearing on the supremacy. The letter begins thus—"To the most beautiful

head of all the churches in Europe, to the very sweet Pope, to the pastor of pastors, the lowliest to the highest, the last to the first, to Boniface, the father, dareth to write Columbanus." He calls the Pope "the first pastor set higher than all mortals." "The pilot of the spiritual ship," he says, "that his sentences strengthen the traditions of our elders." "The Irish are bound to the chair of Peter." "It is only through this chair that Rome is great and bright among the Irish." "Rome is the principal seat of the orthodox faith." "The Irish are the sons, the scholars, the servants of the Pope." Could words be plainer or stronger than these? Could the most pronounced ultramontane of the present day describe in more explicit language the supremacy of Rome? Is it not a most gratuitous assertion to declare, in the face of these expressions, that the Church in Ireland was ever anything but loyal and submissive to Rome? And, must we not conclude, as a consequence, that the Celtic Church in Scotland, which came from Ireland, and was in everything, if I may use the expression, ultra Irish, was equally with the parent Church—the child, the scholar, the servant of the Pope?

To put the matter beyond the possibility of a doubt, we have a confession of faith, made in the name of the whole Church in Great Britain and Ireland, before the Pope in Rome.

Bede informs us (lib. 5, C. 19) that Bishop Wilfrid went to Rome about the year 679, to appeal against Archbishop Theodore. He arrived while a council was being held by 125 bishops, under Pope Agatho, against the Monotholite heresy. On being called in to the council, his case heard, and he himself acquitted, he was requested to make a confession of faith, his own as well as that of the several Churches of the Island whence he came; and Bede says that this declaration which he made was inserted in the acts of the council in these words:—"Wilfrid, the beloved of God, Bishop of York, appealing to the Apostolic See in his cause, and being by that authority acquitted of certain and uncertain things, and seated in judgment with the other 125 bishops in the Synod, made confession of the true and Catholic faith, and subscribed the same, in the name of all the Northern parts, to wit, the Isles of Britain and Ireland, which are inhabited by the nations of the English and Britons, and by those of the Picts and Scots, and in

all their names made confession of the true Catholic faith, and subscribed it with his subscription."

This appears to be convincing ; of course it may be asked who commissioned Wilfrid to speak in the name of the Scottish Church ? Are we bound to accept him as the mouthpiece of that Church ? I am content to claim him, as contemporary evidence, that he and the Scottish Church were one in faith, and that is sufficient for my purpose. To establish his theory, Provost Macandrew must produce contemporary evidence, as strong and explicit, that the Scottish Church was not in communion with the Saxon or Roman, and denied the latter's supremacy. This, neither he nor any one else has shown. But it may be said that Wilfrid could have said what he thought proper to please the Pope! But, in the first place, if the Scots had an enemy it was Wilfrid, who opposed them at Whitby. If Bishop Colman's refusal to submit on that occasion was a proof that he did not acknowledge the supremacy, who would have known it better than Wilfrid ? and, if he looked upon the Scots as schismatical, how could he have stood up in open council before the Pope and declared that he and they were of the same faith ? To please the Pope ? But Protestant writers tell us that Wilfrid was a haughty, overbearing man, who could not brook opposition. Was not this his opportunity to turn the tables upon his so-called enemies, and denounce them to the Pope as schismatics ? To please the Pope forsooth ! I know that explanation has been given to satisfy the Episcopal mind ; so eager is a drowning man to grasp a straw ! Just fancy His Grace, the present Archbishop of Edinburgh, proceeding to Rome, and, before an assembly of bishops and the Pope, professing the same faith as the Episcopal Church, and this to please the Pope ! Let us sum up in conclusion. We have seen that there were differences between the Scottish Church and the Church of Rome ; but these differences were mere matters of discipline, not of faith, and Bede expressly tells us that they were tolerated. They utterly fail, then, to prove that the Celtic Church held a different faith from that of Rome, or that there was anything in her constitution or practice which could hinder that ultra Romanist, Wilfrid, from professing that he and the Scotch were of the same Catholic faith, and that they, as he, were obedient sons of Rome.

Mount Carmel, Banff. ÆNEAS CHISHOLM.

GAELIC ALMANACK FOR APRIL, 1886.

IV Mhios.] AN GIBLINN, 1886.

MUTHADH AN T-SOLUIS.

● AN SOLUS UR—4 LA—2.31 F.	○ AN SOLUS LAN—18 LA—2.59 F.
☽ AN CIAD CHR.—11 LA—8.44 F.	☾ AN CR. MU DHEIR.—26 LA—5.16 M.

M.	DI.		*A'ghrian.* E. Eirigh L. Laidh.	*An Lan An Lite.* MAD.	FEASG.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* MAD.	FEASG.
			U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.
1	D	Latha "Gnothach na Cubhaige."	5.47 E	0.42	1. 2	10.25	10.48
2	H	Latha na Beirbhe, 1801.	6.49 L	1.22	1.40	11. 6	11.24
3	S	Binn Chlann-Ghriogair, 1603.	5.42 E	1.57	2.13	11.42	12. 0
4	D	*IV. Didonaich de'n Charghus.*	6.53 L	2.29	2.45	...	0.18
5	L	Bàs Napoleoin I., 1821.	5.37 E	3. 1	3.16	0. 36	0.52
6	M	Sìth nan Staidean, 1865.	6.57 L	3.31	3.48	1. 9	1.26
7	C	Breith Adhaimh Ghib, 1714.	5.32 E	4. 5	4.22	1.44	2. 2
8	D	Breith Righ Lochlann, 1818.	7. 1 L	4.41	5. 1	2.20	2.38
9	H	Bàs Mhic Shimidh, 1747.	5.27 E	5.21	5.42	2.58	3.18
10	S	Breith Uilleam Reid, 1764.	7. 5 L	6. 5	6.32	3.38	4. 1
11	D	*Didonaich na Paise.*	5.21 E	7. 0	7.34	4.27	4.56
12	L	A' Chailleach.	7. 9 L	8.11	8.51	5.28	6. 2
13	M	Lagh na Saorsa, 1829.	5.16 E	9.36	10.18	6.43	7.25
14	C	Bàs Sheosaidh Ghràinnd, 1835.	7.13 L	10.55	11.32	8. 5	8.45
15	D	Ceitein na h-Oinsich.	5.11 E	...	0. 3	9.19	9.53
16	H	Latha Chuil-fhodair, 1746.	7.17 L	0.31	0.55	10.20	10.45
17	S	An fheill Donnain.	5. 6 E	1.19	1.43	11.10	11.35
18	D	*Didonaich Shlat Pailm.*	7.21 L	2. 5	2.26	11.58	...
19	L	Cogadh America, 1775.	5. 1 E	2.46	3. 5	0.20	0.42
20	M	Breith Raibeart Fhoulis, 1707.	7. 25L	3.25	3.45	1. 4	1.25
21	C	Diciadaoin a' Bhrath.	4.57 E	4. 5	4.25	1.46	2. 5
22	D	Diordaoin Bangaid.	7.29 L	4.45	5. 5	2.24	2.43
23	H	Dihaoine na Ceusda.	4.52 E	5.25	5.47	3. 2	3.21
24	S	Disathurna na Caisge.	7.33 L	6. 9	6.33	3.40	4. 1
25	D	*Didonaich Caisge.*	4.47 E	6.58	7.27	4.23	4.48
26	L	Breith Dhaibhidh Hume, 1711.	7.37 L	7.57	8.32	5.13	5.44
27	M	Latha Creag Choineachain, 1650.	4.42 E	9.11	9.50	6.20	6.56
28	C	[27] Latha Dhunbar, 1296.	7.41 L	10.26	10.58	7.34	8. 8
29	D		4.37 E	11.29	11.58	8.43	9.13
30	H	Latha Fhontenoy, 1745; Oidhche Bealtainn.	7.45 L	...	0.21	9.40	10. 4

A SONG, BY "IAN MAC-MHURCHAIDH," THE KINTAIL BARD.

AT a meeting of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, held on the 3rd of February, Mr. Colin Chisholm recited several "Unpublished Gaelic Songs," adding historical notes and traditions. Among the songs was one composed by "Ian Mac-Mhurchaidh," the Kintail Gaelic Bard, on a certain interesting occasion, when a young woman to whom he was engaged to be married—a daughter of Donald Macrae of Torloisich—married Kenneth Og Maclennan. Mr. Chisholm, who, at the time, did not wish his name to be given, supplied us in 1882 with all that he then knew of the Kintail Bard's poems, and they will be found in vol. vii., pp. 271, 322, 387, 426, and 464. The pieces there given, with the following song, comprise nearly all that are now known in this country of "Ian Mac-Mhurchaidh's" poems :—

Oh, 's mor is misde mi
Na thug mi thoirt dhi ;
Ge b'e de ni ise,
Dh' fhag i mise bochd dheth.

Aithnichear air mo shugradh
Nach 'eil mi geanach ;
Cha thog mi mo shuil
Ann an aite soillear.
'Nuair a chi mi triuir
A' dol ann an comunn,
Saoilidh mi gur gùm
A bhios gu mo dhomail.
Oh 's mor, &c.

Gu'm beil mi fo ghruaimean
'S mi ann am mulad ;
Cha lugha mo thruas
Ris a h-uile duine.
Liughad fear a luaidh i
'S nach d' rinn a buinnig ;
'S fortanach ma thamh iad
Na'n slainte buileach.
Oh 's mor, &c.

Thainig am fear liath sin
A mhilleadh comuinn ;
Ged dh' fhanadh e shios
Gum bu bheag an domail.
'S dana leam na dh' iarr e
Chur mu mo choinneamh,
'S cha ghabhadh e deanamh
Gun chiad a thogail.
Oh 's mor, &c.

Sin nuair thuirt a mathair,
Cha tugainn i idir
Do dhuine dhe cairdean
Cha b' fheaird' iad ise ;
Chreid mi am fear a thainig

Mi leis an fhios sin
Gur iad fein a b' fhearr
Chumadh ann am meas i.
Oh 's mor, &c.

Oh biodh i nise
Mar tha ise togar;
Gheibh sibh ann an sud i
Bho'n is mise a thog i;
Cha bu mhasladh oirre
Ged bu phairt de coire
Gu'm biodh mo theacairean
Dha cur na roghuinn.
Oh 's mor, &c.

A Choinnich Mhic Dhonuil,
Bu mhor am beud leam
Do theachdaire chomhdach
Le stòraidh breige;
Mas a duine beo mi
Cha bhi thu 'n eis dheth
Gum faigh thu i ri phosadh
Le ordugh Cleire.
Oh 's mor, &c.

'S misde mi gu brach e
Ge d' gheibhinn saoghal;
Cha leasaicheadh cach mi
'S na thug mi ghaol dhuit;
'S muladach a tha mi
Nach d' rinn mi d'fhaotainn;
'S fortanach a tharladh dhomh
Bhi tamh mar ri m' dhaoine.
Oh 's mor, &c.

Thog iad mar bhaoth-sgeul
Orm air feadh an aite
Gun caillinn mo chiall
Mur faighainn lamh riut;
'S iongatach leam fein
Ciod e chuir fos 'n aird sud,
Mur d' aithnich sibh fein
Gu'n deach eis air mo mhanran.
Oh 's mor, &c.

Sguiridh mi dheth 'n oran
Mu 'n gabh sibh miothlachd,
Gus am faic mi 'n cord ribh
Na tha dheth deanta;
Na creidibh a stòraidh
Air feadh nan criochan
Cha 'n 'eil aonan beo
Chuireadh as mo chiall mi.
Oh 's mor, &c.

THE EVICTED WIDOW.

CHAPTER II.

THE FULFILMENT.

MR. CAMPBELL'S house stood in a little wood close to the sea. The mountain-stream that came tumbling down the rocks, ran almost past his door, ere it lost itself in the waters of the bay. About two hundred yards from the house, the stream was spanned by a wooden bridge, and close beside this bridge was situated the little graveyard of Glenfalcon. Here they buried the poor widow and her child, beside some others who had died from the effects of the harsh proceedings which had been so ruthlessly carried out a few days previously. The news of the tragic results from the recent evictions had spread all over the district, consequently, large numbers gathered to the funerals of the victims of oppression. A single glance at the gloomy faces of the bystanders revealed the fact that there were others feelings at work besides the usual grief at the death of relations and neighbours, and after the interment was over, and as the people wended their way home in groups, many were the comments made on the widow's sad fate, and on her curse. A new feeling animated the people. Men asked themselves why such things should be allowed, yea, and have the sanction of the law too, and the first dawning of the spirit of independence and determination to get justice began that day to stir in the breasts of the long-suffering and down-trodden people, which will never again be stilled until the present land laws are abolished, and men will once more dare to call their souls their own, without fear of laird or factor.

The day of the funeral was excessively gloomy, the sky was heavy with unshed rain; a thaw had set in, and the ground was like a sponge. During the night, the rain fell in torrents, and it

continued to fall with unabated force the whole of the next day and night. Not for many years had the inhabitants seen anything approaching the violence of the present storm. All nature seemed to be weeping; inky clouds obscured the sun, so that it appeared more like night than day. As night came on, the storm grew still worse; the people cowered in their miserable huts, listening, with awe-stricken faces and sinking hearts, to the fearful warring of the elements, to the pelting rain, the roar of the mountain torrent, and the loud blasts of wind, which threatened every moment to blow their frail dwellings into space.

On this dreary night, Mr. Campbell sat alone in the parlour of his house. A tall, spare man, with a cold, hard face, indicative of a stern unyielding nature. No affectionate wife smoothed the wrinkles from his brow; no loving children climbed on his knee and taught the stern mouth to smile; for he was a bachelor, wrapped up in his own selfishness.

The unusual severity of the storm even disturbed the nerves of this iron-willed man. He could not settle to his reading; his thoughts oppressed him, and, as he walked restlessly through the room, he muttered,

"I do not know what is the matter with me to-night. A feeling of dread which I cannot shake off hangs about me. I wish Macneil had not given me such full particulars of that affair up the Glen the other day. The woman cursed me, too. Tuts! I am getting superstitious, when the ravings of a mad woman could thus affect me." A louder blast than ever, that threatened to break in the window, made him start and look shudderingly round the room, as if he half expected to see the ghost of the widow by his side. Rousing himself, with an effort, from the eerie feeling creeping over him, he went to the window, and, drawing up the blind, looked out, but he could see nothing but the big rain-drops running down the glass; all without was dense darkness. Turning away, with a muttered oath, he sat down before the fire, and stirred it into a ruddy glow; the next moment he again started to his feet, as his eyes fell on a picture of The Deluge which hung over the mantelpiece.

"I cannot bear to look on that picture to-night, it makes me feel more miserable than ever," he said. "I wish the night was

over; I can hear the torrent roaring as if it meant to sweep the house away. I never felt so nervous before; I must have something to cheer me up."

Ringing the bell, he ordered the servant to bring some whisky and hot water, and then she might retire for the night, as he should want nothing more. Determined to shake off his most unusual depression of spirits, he mixed a stiff glass of toddy, and, sitting down to the table, busied himself with his accounts. Finding the whisky cheered him up, he did not spare, it but continued drinking and writing until near midnight, when suddenly he dropped his pen, and started up with affright. The tempest seemed to have reached a climax; the howling of the wind and the roar of the stream now mingled with an appalling sound of rushing water.

"Good heavens! what was that," he cried in alarm; "I thought I heard a rush of water close by, but there is such a terrible noise outside that I can hardly distinguish one sound from another; perhaps it was only the wind, or my excited imagination." Thus saying, he again resumed his seat, and mixed another toddy.

Before long, his deep potations began to tell; his pen dropped from his fingers, his head sank on his breast, and he fell into a profound sleep. In a little while, his heavy breathing and convulsive movements showed that his sleep was anything but refreshing. Suddenly he woke with a start, and cried out in a terror-stricken voice,

"Keep off! Go back to the grave! Go back to the grave!"

In his agitation, he overthrew the table and upset the lamp, which became extinguished, thus leaving the room in darkness. This increased his fright, and he rushed wildly to the door, only to find it locked. He had locked it to secure himself from intrusion, and had placed the key on the table, and now, in the pitch darkness, was unable to find it. He was now thoroughly awake, but trembling in every limb from the effects of his frightful dreams. His horror of the supernatural was changed into a vivid fear for his personal safety, as he discovered what he had not, in his agitation, noticed before—that he was standing ankle deep in water.

He shouted in vain for assistance; his voice was drowned in the fearful noise of the hurricane. Nearly at his wit's end he ran to the window; it was firmly fastened, and his agitation was too

great to allow him to open it. Every moment the water was rising; now it was up to his knees, and the furniture began to float about. In utter desperation, he smashed the glass of the window, but the heavy frame defied his utmost endeavours. All the while the water kept rising steadily, inch by inch. In vain the unhappy man threw himself against the door, and then tried to force out the window, only to cut and bruise himself. He at length realised that he was doomed; the water had now reached his waist, and, as he recalled the widow's curse, he cried aloud in his agony at its speedy fulfilment, as he found himself entombed alive with no companion but the merciless water, ever creeping up higher and higher. He climbed upon some furniture, and was clinging dispairingly to a shelf, when, with a loud crash, the door was broken from without, and, on the volume of water that rushed in, was borne a black object, which, striking Mr. Campbell on the side, threw him backward, senseless, on the floor, where he was speedily drowned.

On this memorable night, Macneil, the factor, went to the house of a tenant who lived on the other side of the bay, to transact some business. He stayed until a late hour, hoping the storm would abate; but at last, seeing no hopes of its getting better, he determined to face it, so, wishing his neighbour good night, he put on his greatcoat, and, lantern in hand, set out on his way home. He had nearly two miles to go; but, as he knew every inch of the road, he had no fear of losing his way, though the darkness was such as might be felt.

"I did not think it was quiet so bad as this," he said to himself, as he groped his way along, half blinded by the rain which beat in his face, "but I won't turn back now I have started; I will go home, be the weather ever so bad."

Slowly and cautiously he plodded on until he reached the hollow where the bridge spanned the stream. Here he was up to his knees in water, and, as he stood for a moment to gain breath and heard the torrent as it thundered down the rocks with terrific force, he said—"I should not be surprised to find the bridge damaged; I must be careful." So, holding his lantern before him, he slowly and cautiously advanced. He knew he must be near the bridge, and, once over that, he would be safe, as the road

was uphill, and his home was within three hundred yards of the bridge. Just then his progress was arrested by something that lay like a log of wood right across his path; lowering his lantern, he peered through the darkness to see what it was. His horror can be imagined, when he saw that it was a coffin, the lid of which had been partly torn off, and the ghastly face of a dead man, met his horrified gaze. Firm as were Macneil's nerves, they received a rude shock, but a moment's thought was sufficient for him to regain his self-possession. He rightly conjectured that the torrent had overflowed and had washed part of the graveyard away, and he was more than ever convinced of the necessity of the greatest caution on his part, as, doubtless, the bridge had likewise been destroyed. Suddenly, so suddenly that he never clearly comprehended how it happened, he felt himself lifted off the ground, and carried away on a swift stream of rushing water. He was a powerful swimmer, but swimming was of little avail in such a mad torrent, especially encumbered as he was with heavy clothes. He struggled desperately to keep above water, but he must have gone down had he not managed to catch hold of a piece of wood, as it floated past him; clinging to this, he was borne swiftly along, until, at last, he was dashed against what appeared to be a wall. The top was about two feet above the level of the water, and, though greatly exhausted and severely bruised by his rapid transit through the flood, Macneil managed to climb to the top of this wall. He had now time to rest and collect his scattered senses, as he lay on the wall and held on with both hands. The storm still raged with great fury; all around him was a mass of rushing, seething water, but he could distinguish the sound of the wind among trees, and he at once knew he must be near the proprietor's house, as there were no trees anywhere else in this direction. A terrible thought crossed his perturbed mind:—What if Mr. Campbell's house had been swept away, and the inmates drowned? He might be even now on one of the ruined walls, for all he knew. The more he considered, the more convinced be became that it must be so. The house occupied a very low position, to which the water would inevitably rush, after sweeping away the bridge; and, he thought, if he were indeed on the ruins of Mr. Campbell's house, he might be able to get a safer and more comfortable position than the one

he now occupied, so he very slowly and carefully crawled along the top of the wall until he came to an angle where the wall rose higher. This was what he expected, and he still continued to grope his way along, feeling on the inner side of the wall with his hands, to ascertain if any part of the rooms remained intact; at last he felt what were evidently some slates, which, he knew, must have fallen on the floor of one of the upper rooms. He cautiously lowered himself, still keeping a firm hold on the wall with both his hands, until he tested the strength of his standing place. Finding it firm, he did not venture further, but sat down on the floor, under the slight shelter afforded by the fragment of wall left standing. Fortunately, he had some matches in a tin box in an inner pocket which the water had not reached, so, striking one, he attempted to ascertain his position. He saw that he was in the ruins of a room in the upper story; nearly all the roof had fallen, and the floor on which he stood was covered with the debris. A few feet from where he stood was a great hole in the floor, through which he would have fallen had he ventured to move forward without a light. Although his situation was bad enough, he felt in comparative safety, especially as the gale was lessening in force, and the water evidently subsiding, so he made up his mind to stay where he was until morning, when he could see where to go. Body and mind had now been on the rack for, at least, five hours. The sense of safety took away the excitement that had acted like a stimulant while he was in danger, and, although drenched to the skin, and very imperfectly sheltered from the storm, he fell asleep. But, as may be readily imagined, his slumbers were very disturbed. He was still, in his dreams, stumbling over coffins and battling with floods. He dreamed of a precipice towards which he was being irresistibly hurried. He struggled wildly in this terrible nightmare, and woke with a cry of terror, as he felt himself falling through the hole in the floor, to which he had rolled in his disturbed sleep. He fell with a splash into the water which flooded the room below; but his fall was broken by his alighting on a soft substance. Putting out his hand to feel what he had fallen upon, he withdrew it with horror, for it had touched the face of a dead man.

"Good God!" he cried, in terror, "are the horrors of this night never to cease?"

He staggered to his feet, and, when he had somewhat recovered from the great shock he had received, he struck a match, and, holding it down, saw, staring up at him through the surrounding darkness, the ghastly dead face of poor Mr. Campbell, made still more horrible by the look of wild terror that death had frozen on it.

"The widow's curse has been fulfilled," said Macneil, trembling and shaking with fear, yet afraid to move. Thus he stood for what seemed to him a long time, till at last the cold, grey light of coming day diffused itself over the pitiable scene. But the faint light only increased poor Macneil's terror, for it only served to make darkness visible; and his over-strained imagination saw spectres on every side, while he could not take his eyes off the pale face of his late master, gleaming ghastly through the struggling light of early morn.

"If I do not get out of this I shall go mad," said he, at last, making an effort to throw off a sensation of dread which chained him to the ground. He made a step forward, when he stumbled over some heavy object and fell, striking his head against some furniture so severely that, for a time, he lay quite stunned. When he recovered, the daylight was strong enough for him to see plainly his dread surroundings. On raising himself, and turning to see what had caused his fall, he nearly lost his senses again with horror, for what did he see but the body of Mr. Campbell with the head supported on a coffin, the broken lid of which revealed to his terror-stricken view the mangled remains of the widow Cameron.

"It is a judgment from heaven," he exclaimed; "better for me to drown outside than to stay amid these horrors." So saying, he rushed out of the door, and, half wading, half swimming, he managed at length to reach the road leading to his own house; but, as soon as he felt himself on firm ground, and in the open day-light, he fell insensible to the ground, utterly worn out with the varied emotions and dangers he had encountered. Thus he was found by some neighbours, soon afterwards, and carried home, where he kept his bed for some weeks, suffering from the effects of his exposure and fright during that never-to-be-forgotten night.

When the sun rose on Glenfalcon, its rays illumined as sad a

scene as could well be found. The graveyard and the bridge had been carried away by the mad torrent, which tore up every object in its destructive career. Several of the crofters' houses were levelled with the ground. Dead sheep and cattle were to be seen floating amid the waste of water; some were even washed right out into the bay. Mr. Campbell's house was a complete wreck, and around it lay scattered the contents of the graveyard. Coffins lay around in all directions, many of them broken, revealing their ghastly contents in all stages of decomposition. Human bones and skulls lay all around; but the most fearful sight was inside the house, where the people found Mr. Campbell lying, as Macneil described, with his head pillowed on the coffin of the victim of his cruelty.

A feeling of intense awe crept over the people at this fearful sight. "It is a judgment," was the universal verdict, as they re-called the widow's curse. The excitement went down with the flood. The dead bodies were collected and reinterred, and things resumed their usual course. A new and more substantial bridge was built, and the estate passed into the hands of a distant relative of Mr. Campbell, who had the ruins of the ill-fated house levelled with the ground.

It is years since these events happened, but they are still fresh in the memory of the old people in the district, who yet relate the story of the dreadful flood, and some aver that the widow's curse still hangs over the place where the proprietor's house once stood, and that, on dark stormy nights, when the wind howls mournfully through the glen, the sheeted dead leave their graves and mingle their ghostly voices with the storm.

FROM NETHER LOCHABER.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Looking over a deskful of old papers this morning, I find another very happy rendering into Gaelic of a once popular song, by my friend, the late Rev. Dr. Macintyre, of Kilmonivaig.

Shortly after one of his daughters had emigrated to her brothers in Australia, the venerable Doctor somewhere heard sung the plaintively sweet song, "Do they miss me at home?" and both words and air having, for the family at the Manse, a direct and particular meaning and appropriateness with reference to the absent one, the translation into Gaelic was the result.

It is now many years since I heard this song sung either in English or Gaelic, but my recollection is that the air was either the same or very similar to that better known, perhaps, as "Tam Glen."

Dear Mr. Editor,
faithfully yours,

8th March, 1886. NETHER LOCHABER.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?
'Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know that this moment some loved ones
Were saying, "We wish she were here,"
To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam,
Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure,
To know that they miss'd me at home!
To know, &c.

When twilight approaches, the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long;
And is there a chord in the music,
That's miss'd when my voice is away,
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay?
Regret at, &c.

Do they set me a chair near the table
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlour,
And the stars in the calm, azure sky?
And when the "Good Nights" are repeated,
And all lay them down to sleep,

Do they think of the absent, and waft me
A whispered "Good Night" while they weep?
A whispered, &c.

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me,
At morning, at noon, or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them,
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?
Because I, &c.

Manse of Kilmonivaig, March 23rd, 1859.

AM BHEIL IAD GA M' IONNDRAIN?

A bheil iad' gam ionndrain o 'n bhaile?
Bu ghaolach le m' chridhe 's an àm-s'
A' chinnt gu bheil gràdhaich a' guidhe,
"Oh b' fhearr leinn gu'n robh i 'so 'n dràst'"
Am fios gu'n robh 'n cròilein mu'n teallaich
A' smuaineachadh orm-s' tha air falbh,
Dearbh-bheachd gu bheil ionndrain aig bail' orm,
B' àrd-shòlas gun tomhas än sealbh!
B'àrd-shòlas, &c.

'Nuair 'chiaras am feasgar, an tràth sin,
'Tha coisrigt' do 'n dàn, cian nan cian,
'Bheil neach ann a luaidheas air m'ainm-sa,
'S a their "'S fhad air falbh' uainn mo mhiann"?
'S am mothaichear meang anns an òran
'S gun mo ghuth-sa a' comhnadh na téis'?
No 'n dùisg e teud-bhròin anns gach anam
Mi 'bhi uapa air m' aineol, an céin?
Mi 'bhi, &c.

An suidhich iad cathair aig bòrd dhomh
'N 'àm éibhneis an teaghlaich 'bhi dlùth?
'N uair lasar na coinnlean a' s' t-seomar,
'S na reultan 's a' ghorm-speur gu ciùin?
'N uair' ghabhas gach aon cead d' a chéile,
'S a théid iad, fa leth 'ghabhail tàimh,
'M bi cuimhn' air an té' th' air a h-aineol,
'S an guidh iad, fo smalan, dhi "slàint'"
'S an, &c.

'A' bheil iad' ga m' ionndrain o'n bhaile
Trà maidne, tra feasgair, tra nòin!
'S na thàrmaich neul dubhach mu' n cuairt doibh
Nach soillsioh ä ghruainn ach mo neoil-s'!
'Bheil sùgradh 'us mànran cho taitneach,
'S a bhà cion a b' ait' bha mi leò?
No' bheil iad fo cheal, o 'n nach dògh dhomh
'Bhi 'n caidribh a' chròilein ni's mò?
'Bhi 'n caidribh, &c.

A LEGEND OF LOCH-EILD, BY "NETHER LOCHABER."—The May Number of the *Celtic Magazine* will contain a Poem, by the Rev. Alexander Stewart, LL.D., "Nether Lochaber," entitled, "A Legend of Loch-Eild."

THE CAMERONS OF RANNOCH.

THERE are, in Rannoch, two distinct septs of the Clan Cameron, viz.—the Camerons of Camuserochd on the North, and of Camghuran on the South side of the Loch. The former are styled in the vernacular, Cloinn-ic-Mhartainn na Leitirach, and the latter, Cloinn-Ian-Cheir, and Cloinn-Ian-Bhiorraich.

The history of the Camerons of Camuserochd derives its interest both from their being representative of the ancient House of Letterfinlay in Lochaber, and from their intimate connection with the Macgregors of Ardlarich and Dunan, two of the principal families of the Clangregor. The iniquitous persecution of that brave clan, by the Government of the day, afforded their enemies of Lochaber the occasion for settlement on the sides of Loch Rannoch, and it is therefore necessary briefly to review the conditions which led up to an event so foreign to the spirit of the age as the peaceable intrusion of a hostile clan on the lands of a powerful neighbour.

At the instigation, to serve his own ends, of the crafty Earl of Argyll, Alister Macgregor of Glenstrae collected his clansmen of Rannoch, and marched, it is said, from Ardlarich, to ravage the country of the Colquhouns of Luss. The overthrow and slaughter of the Colquhouns, at the famous battle of Glenfruin, so creditable to the prowess of the Macgregors, was represented to King James VI. and his Council in a most distorted light—groundless charges of barbaric cruelty and wantonness being preferred against the clan and their chief. Alister soon found out, to his dismay, that he had been led into a trap, and that the wily Earl—a veritable wolf in sheep's clothing—whose tool he had been, was the first to turn on him. The unfortunate chief was arrested and executed, along with several of his principal clansmen, at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, in the year 1604. A commission of extermination was given to the Earl of Argyll, and other chiefs, against all who bore the name of Macgregor, and the ruthless manner in which it was carried out may be judged from the fact that instances are

related of payment of rents being demanded, not in the ordinary currency, but in so many heads of Macgregors. Not even the closest family ties afforded protection. Duncan Macgregor of Dunan, styled in the Decreta 1612, Doncha Mac Ianduy, who was married to a daughter of Cameron of Glenevis, being hotly pursued by his enemies, shortly after the battle of Glenfruin, in which he had taken part, is said to have sent his wife to her brother, to see if he would afford her any protection ; but Glenevis, having, along with others, accepted the commission to extirpate the whole race of Macgregors, gave, as his advice, that both she and her husband could do nothing better than cut their own throats. The poor woman returned dejected and exasperated at the reception accorded to her, which she communicated to her husband, and he immediately set off to Ireland. He left his wife in his possessions of Camuserochd, where her subsequent treatment exemplifies the truth of the adage that the pen is mightier than the sword, and forcibly illustrates the melancholy mistake of the Clangregor in scorning all right to their lands save that of their own strong arm. During Duncan's absence in Ireland, where he remained seven years, the Laird of Menzies, who had long before obtained a Crown charter over them, gave a grant of Macgregor's possessions in Camuserochd to one of the name of Kennedy from Lochaber, known in the country as Gillandhurst-beg, and from whom the Kennedys or Clan Gillandhurst in Rannoch are descended. It appears that Duncan MacIanduy's wife still remained on the estate and was much oppressed by Gillandhurst, who obliged her to perform the most servile work for her livelihood. On her husband's return home, accompanied by his comrades in exile, Gillandhurst was summarily ejected, and, betaking himself to Castle Menzies, was speedily followed thither by Duncan. Macgregor, on being admitted into the audience chamber, is said to have been accosted thus by the Laird of Menzies :—

"Suidh sios a MhicGrigair is leig le Gillandhurst suidhe suas." To which Macgregor responded—

"Suidh thusa sios a Gillandhurst-bhig is leig le MacGrigair suidhe suas," and, suiting his action to the word, took Gillandhurst by the neck, and thrust him to the door.

On this occasion, the Laird of Menzies is said to have offered

him an exclusive right to his possessions on very easy terms, which, however, Macgregor rejected with disdain; but, after expelling Gillandhurst, he continued to occupy the lands as before, unmolested. Duncan's daughter, Rachel, celebrated for beauty and the theme of Gaelic song, married, under romantic circumstances (of which presently), Donald Cameron of Blarachaorin, in Lochaber, son of Duncan Cameron of Letterfinlay, the progenitor of the Camerons of Camuserochd.

Duncan Macgregor of Dunan was succeeded by his son, Patrick, whose name occurs in the Leny Papers in September, 1655, and who is referred to in the Privy Council Records as Patrick Mac Doncha-vic Ianduy of Dunan in Rannoch. He purchased the wadset of the lands of Dunan and Kinnachlachar on tha 22nd April, 1675, under reversion of 5000 merks and the sasine; and the same wadset from Sir Alex. Menzies, is recorded 8th December, 1675. In the troublous times that followed the affair of Glenfruin, when the sanguinary enactments of the Privy Council against the Macgregors were little calculated to ensure respect for law and order, especially in the districts occupied by the proscribed clan, the shores of Loch Rannoch were frequently the scene of lawlessness and rapine. Abductions were as common then as are elopements now. Rachel Macgregor of Dunan, already alluded to as sister of Patrick and neice of Cameron of Glenevis, had, it would seem, many wooers, and, among the rest, a "gentle old bachelor" in Lochaber, said to be Raonal na Keppoch, son of Macdonald of Keppoch, whose addresses she despised and rejected. Determined, however, to gain his point, he conceived the project of carrying her off by force or stratagem. Accordingly, he induced about a dozen of his comrades, young men of good families in Lochaber, to proceed with him to Rannoch and take her, nolens volens, provided they got an opportunity. On arriving near Dunan in the evening, they lay in wait, and watched till they saw her walking alone in a birch wood near her father's house. The fellows then rose from their ambush, seized her, and carried her off across the mountains towards Lochaber, by an unfrequented path, so as to avoid pursuit. They entered a lonely bothy or sheiling, where Raonal, now that she was in his power, demanded her surrender to his suit. But, his appearance being anything

but prepossessing, and entertaining a natural repugnance to him, born, probably, of family feuds, Rachel would on no account consent to marry him. They tried all fair means to persuade the obdurate beauty, but to no purpose, when one, less principled than the rest, proposed, by way of punishment for her tenacity, that she should be dishonoured, and then allowed to return to her father if she pleased. Another objected to this brutal proposal, saying that it was as discreditable to themselves as it was shameful to the girl, and made the chivalrous suggestion that all the gentlemen present *(and blackguards too, most likely)* should be drawn up in line, and that she should be allowed to choose which of them she pleased for a husband. Expressing her heartfelt gratitude for his magnanimity, Rachel immediately fixed on himself; "as," said she, "you have given me proof of your humanity, generosity, and good sense, I choose no other than you." Cameron of Blarachaorin, the man of her choice, is said to have been an exceedingly handsome youth. Next day the marriage was solemnised by a priest at Lochaber, and a messenger at once despatched to Dunan to inform her father of her fate.*

(*To be continued.*)

* The song—"Air an Airidh 'm Braidh Raineach," the air of which is so beautiful, is said to have been composed on the occasion of Rachel Macgregor's abduction from Dunan.